A BOOK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS: OR, Country Rhimes FOR Children.

By *J. B.*

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TO THE READER.

Courteous Reader,

The Title-page will shew, if there thou look,
Who are the proper Subjects of this Book.
They'r Boys and Girls of all Sorts and Degrees,
From those of Age, to Children on the Knees.
Thus comprehensive am I in my Notions;
They tempt me to it by their childish Motions.
We now have Boys with Beards, and Girls that be
Big as old Women, wanting Gravity.
Then do not blame me, 'cause I thus describe them;
Flatter I may not, lest thereby I bribe them
To have a better Judgment of themselves,
Than wise men have of Babies on their Shelves.
Their antick Tricks, fantastick Modes, and way,
Shew they like very Boys, and Girls, do play
With all the frantick Popp'ries of [illegible]'s Age;
And that in open view, as on a Stage;
Our Bearded men, do act like Beardless Boys;
Our Women please themselves with childish Toys.
Our Ministers, long time by Word and Pen,
Deale with them, counting them, not Boys but Men:
Thunder-bolts they shot at them, and their Toys:
But hit them not, 'cause they were Girls and Boys.

The

The better Charge, the wider ſtill they ſhot,
Or elſe ſo high, theſe Dwarfs *they touched not.*
Inſtead of Men, they found them Girls and Boys,
Addict to nothing as to childiſh Toys.
Wherefore good Reader, that I ſave them may,
I now with them, the very Dottril *play.*
And ſince at Gravity they make a Tuſh,
My very Beard I caſt behind the Buſh.
And like a Fool ſtand ſing'ring of their Toys;
And all to ſhew them, they are Girls and Boys.
Nor do I bluſh, although I think ſome may
Call me a Baby, 'cauſe I with them play:
I do't to ſhew them how each Fingle-fangle,
On which they doting are, their Souls entangle,
As with a Web, a Trap, a Ginn, or Snare:
And will deſtroy them, have they not a Care.
Paul *ſeem'd to play the Fool, that he might gain*
Thoſe that were Fools indeed, if not in Grain.
And did it by their *things, that they might know*
Their emptineſs, and might be brought unto
What would them ſave from Sin and Vanity.
A Noble Act, and full of Honeſty.
Yet he, nor I would like them be in Vice,
While by their Play-things, *I would them entice,*
To mount their Thoughts from what are childiſh Toys,
To Heav'n, for that's prepar'd for Girls and Boys.
Nor do I ſo confine my ſelf to theſe,
As to ſhun graver things, I ſeek to pleaſe,
Thoſe more compoſ'd with better things than Toys:
Tho thus I would be catching Girls and Boys.

Wherefore if Men have now a mind to look;
Perhaps their Graver Fancies may be took
With what is here; tho but in Homely Rhimes:
But he, who pleases all, muſt riſe betimes.
Some, I perſwade me, will be finding Fault,
Concluding, here I trip, and there I halt,
No doubt ſome could theſe groveling Notions raiſe
By fine-ſpun Terms that challenge might the Bays.
But ſhould all men be forc't to lay aſide
Their Brains, that cannot regulate the Tide:
By this or that man's Fancy, we ſhould have
The Wiſe, unto the Fool, become a Slave.
What tho my Text ſeems mean, my Morals be
Grave, as if fetcht from a Sublimer Tree.
And if ſome better handle can a Fly,
Then ſome a Text, why ſhould we them deny
Their making Proof, or good Experiment,
Of ſmalleſt things great miſchiefs to prevent?
Wiſe Solomon *did Fools to Piſs-ants ſend,*
To learn true Wiſdom, and their Lives to mend.
Yea, God by Swallows, Cuckows, and the Aſs;
Shews they are Fools who let that ſeaſon paſs,
Which he put in their hand, that *to obtain*
Which is both preſent, and Eternal Gain.
I think the wiſer ſort my Rhimes may ſlight
But what care I! The fooliſh will delight
To read them and the Fooliſh, God has choſe.
And doth by Fooliſh Things, their minds compoſe,
And ſettle upon that which is Divine:
Great Things, by little ones, are made to ſhine.

I could, were I ſo pleas'd, uſe higher Strains.
And for Applauſe, on Tenters ſtretch my Brains,
But what needs that? The Arrow out of Sight,
Does not the Sleeper, nor the Watchman fright.
To ſhoot too high doth but make Children gaze;
'Tis that which hits the man, doth him amaze.
And for the Inconſiderableneſs
Of things, by which I do my mind expreſs;
May I by them bring ſome good thing to paſs,
As Sampſon, *with the Jaw-bone of an Aſs;*
Or as Brave Shamgar *with his Oxe's Goad,*
(Both things not manly, nor for War in Mode)
I have my end, tho I my ſelf expoſe
To ſcorn; God will have Glory in the cloſe.
Thus much for artificial Babes; and now
To thoſe who are in years but ſuch, I bow
My Pen to teach them what the Letters be,
And how they may improve their A, B, C.
Nor let my pretty Children them deſpiſe;
All, needs muſt there begin, that would be wiſe.
Nor let them *fall under Diſcouragement,*
Who at their Horn-book ſtick, and time hath ſpent
Upon that A, B, C. while others do
Into their Primer, or their Pſalter go.
Some Boys with difficulty do begin,
Who in the end, the Bays, and Lawrel win.

J. B.

In or-der to the at-tain-ing of which, they muſt firſt be taught the Let-ters, which be theſe that fol low,

𝔄 𝔅 ℭ 𝔇 𝔈 𝔉 𝔊 ℌ ℑ 𝔎 𝔏 𝔐 𝔑 𝔒 𝔓 𝔔
ℜ 𝔖 𝔗 𝔘 𝔙 𝔚 𝔛 𝔜 ℨ.

a b c d e f g h i k l m n o p q r ſ t u w x y z.
A B C D E F G H I K L M N O P Q R S T V W X Y Z.

a b c d e f g h i k l m n o p q r ſ t v u w x y z.
A B C D E F G H I K L M N O P Q R S T V W X Y Z.

a b c d e f g h i k l m n o p q r ſ t v u w x y z.

The Vowels are theſe, a, e, i, o, u.

As there are vow-els, ſo are there Con-ſo-nants, and they are theſe.

b c d f g h k l m n p q r ſ t v w x y z.

There are alſo dou-ble Let-ters, and they are theſe.

ct ff fi fli fl fi ffi ſt ſh.

Af-ter theſe are known, then ſet your Child to ſpel-ling, Thus T-o, to. T-h-e, the, O-r, or, I-f, if I-n, in, M-e, me, y-o-u, you; f-i-n-d, find, S-i-ſ, ſin; In C-h-r-i-ſ-t, Chriſt, i-s, is, R-i-g-h-t-e-o-u-ſ-n-e-ſs, Righ-te-ouſ-neſs.

And ob-ſerve that e-ve-ry word or ſyl-la-ble (tho ne-ver ſo ſmall) muſt have one vow-el or more right-ly pla ced in it.

For inſtances, Theſe are no words nor Syl-la-bles, be cauſe they have no vow-els in them; name-ly, ſl, gld, ſtrnght, ſpll, drll, fll.

Words made of two Letters are theſe, and ſuch-like, If, it, is, ſo, do, we, ſee, he, is, in, my.

Words con-ſiſt-ing of three Letters,

But, for, her, ſhe, did, doe, all, his, way, you, may, ſay, nay.

Names of Boys.	*Names of Girls.*
Tho-mas.	An-na.
James.	Su-ſan-na.
Si-mon.	Re-be-kah.
Ed-ward.	Mag-da-lene.
John.	E-li-za-beth.
Ro-bert.	Sa-rah.
Ri-chard.	Ma-ry.
Ad-am.	Jane.
Ti-mo-thy.	Dor-cas.
Ja-cob.	Ra-chel.
A-bra-ham.	Di-nah.
Mo-ſes	Do-ro-thy.
Aa-ron.	Joanna.
Phi-lip.	Ly-di-a.
Mat-thew.	Da-ma-ris.
Bar-tho-lo-mew.	A-bi-gail.
Wil-li-am.	Mi-chal.
Hen-ry.	Han-nah.
Ralph.	Ruth.
Ste-phen.	Mar-tha.
Je-re-mi-ah	Ag nis.
Pe-ter.	Mar-ga-ret.
George.	Ju-dith.
Jo-nas.	Joan.
A-mos.	Alice.
Ni-cho-las	Phe-be.
Job.	Grace.
Da-vid.	Chriſ-ti-a-na.
	Ka-the-rine.
	Fran-ces.

Figures.	*Numeral Letters*
1. One.	I. One.
2. Two.	II. Two.
3. Three.	III. Three.
4. Four.	IV. Four.
5. Five.	V. Five.
6. Six.	VI. Six.
7. Seven.	VII. Seven.
8. Eight.	VIII. Eight.
9. Nine.	IX. Nine.
10. Ten.	X. Ten.
11. Eleven.	XI. Eleven.
12. Twelve.	XII. Twelve.
13. Thirteen.	XIII. Thirteen.
14. Fourteen.	XIV. Fourteen.
15. Fifteen.	XV. Fifteen.
16. Sixteen.	XVI. Sixteen.
17. Seventeen.	XVII. Seventeen.
18. Eighteen.	XVIII. Eighteen.
19. Nineteen.	XIX. Nineteen.
20. Twenty.	XX. Twenty.
30. Thirty.	XXX. Thirty.
40. Forty.	XL. Forty.
50. Fifty.	L. Fifty.
60. Sixty.	LX. Sixty.
70. Seventy.	LXX. Seventy.
80. Eighty.	LXXX. Eighty.
90. Ninety.	XC. Ninety.
100. a Hundred.	C. a Hundred.
500. Five hundred.	D. Five hundred.
1000. a Thousand.	M. a Thousand.

I shall forbear to add more, being perswaded this is enough for little Children to prepare themselves for Psalter, or Bible.

A BOOK FOR Boys and Girls, &c.

I.

Upon the Ten Commandments.

1. THou ſhalt not have another God than me:
2. Thou ſhalt not to an Image bow thy Knee.
3. Thou ſhalt not take the Name of God in vain:
4. See that the Sabbath thou do not profain.
5. Honour thy Father and thy Mother too:
6. In Act or Thought ſee thou no Murder do.
7. From Fornication keep thy body clean:
8. Thou ſhalt not ſteal, though thou be very mean.
6. Bear no falſe Witneſs, keep thee without Spot:
10. What is thy Neighbours ſee thou Covet not.

II

The awakened Childs Lamentation.

1.

When *Adam* was deceived,
I was of Life bereaved;
Of late (too) I perceived,
I was in ſin conceived.

2.

And as I was born naked,
I was with filth beſpaked,
At which when I awaked,
My Soul and Spirit ſhaked.

3.

My Filth grew ſtrong, and boyled,
And me throughout defiled,
Its pleaſures me beguiled,
My Soul! how art thou ſpoyled!

4.

My Joys with ſinwere painted,
My mind with ſin is tainted,
My heart with Guilt is fainted,
I wa'nt with God acquainted.

5.

I have in ſin abounded,
My heart therewith is wounded,

With

With fears I am ſurrounded,
My Spirit is confounded.

6.

I have been often called,
By ſin as oft enthralled,
Pleaſures hath me fore-ſtalled.
How is my Spirit gauled!

7.

As ſin has me infected,
I am thereof detected:
Mercy I have neglected,
I fear I am rejected.

8.

The Word I have miſ-uſed
Good Council too refuſed;
Thus I my Self abuſed;
How can I be excuſed?

9.

When other Children prayed,
That work I then delayed,
Ran up and down and played;
And thus from God have ſtrayed.

10.

Had I in God delighted,
And my wrong doings righted;
I had not thus been frighted,
Nor as I am benighted.

11.

O! That God would be pleaſed,
T'wards me to be appeaſed;

And heal me thus diſeaſed,
How ſhould I then be eaſed!

12.

But Truth I have deſpiſed,
My follies idolized,
Saints with Reproach diſguiſed,
Salvation nothing prized.

13.

O Lord! I am aſhamed,
When I do hear thee named;
'Cauſe thee I have defamed,
And liv'd like Beaſts untamed!

14.

Would God I might be ſaved,
Might have an heart like *David*;
This I have ſometimes craved,
Yet am by ſin enſlaved!

15.

Vanity I have loved,
My heart from God removed;
And not, as me behoved,
The means of Grace improved.

16.

O Lord! if I had cryed
(When I told tales and lyed)
For Mercy, and denyed
My Luſts, I had not died!

17.

But Mercies-Gate is locked,
Yea, up that way is blocked;

Yet

Yea ſome that there have knocked,
God at their cryes hath mocked.

18.

'Cauſe him they had diſdained,
Their wicked ways maintained,
From Godlineſs refrained,
And on his word complained.

19.

I would I were converted
Would ſin and I were parted,
For folly I have ſmarted;
God make me honeſt-hearted!

20.

I have to Grace appealed,
Would 'twere to me revealed,
And Pardon to me ſealed,
Then ſhould I ſoon be healed!

21

Whoſe Nature God hath mended,
Whoſe ſinful courſe is ended,
Who is to life aſcended,
Of God is much beſriended.

22.

Oh! Were I reconciled
To God, I, tho defiled,
Should be as one that ſmiled,
To think my death was ſpoiled.

23.

Lord! thou waſt crucified
For Sinners, bled and dyed,

I have for Mercy cryed,
Let me not be denyed.

24

I have thy Spirit grieved;
Yet is my life reprieved,
Would I in thee believed,
Then I should be relieved.

25.

Were but Repentance gained,
And had I Faith unfeigned,
Then Joy would be maintained
In me, and sin restrained.

26.

But this is to be noted,
I have on Folly doted,
My Vanities promoted,
My self to them devoted.

27.

Thus I have sin committed,
And so my self out-witted;
Yea, and my Soul unfitted,
To be to Heaven admitted.

28.

But God has condescended,
And pardon has extended,
To such as have offended,
Before their lives were ended.

29.

O Lord! do not disdain me,
But kindly entertain me;

Yea in thy Faith maintain me,
And let thy Love conſtrain me!

III

Meditations upon an Egg.

1

THe Egg's no Chick by falling from the Hen;
Nor man a Chriſtian, till he's born agen.
The Egg's at firſt contained in the Shell;
Men afore Grace, in ſins, and darkneſs dwell.
The Egg when laid, by Warmth is made a Chicken;
And Chriſt, by Grace, thoſe dead in ſin doth quicken.
The Egg, when firſt a Chick, the ſhell's its Priſon;
So's fleſh to th'Soul, who yet with Chriſt is riſen.
The Shell doth crack, the Chick doth chirp and peep;
The fleſh decays, as men do pray and weep.
The Shell doth break, the Chick's at liberty;
The fleſh falls off, the Soul mounts up on high.
But both do not enjoy the ſelf-ſame plight;
The Soul is ſafe, the Chick now fears the Kite.

2.

But Chick's from rotten Eggs do not proceed;
Nor is an Hypocrite a Saint indeed.
The rotten Egg, though underneath the Hen,
If crack'd, ſtinks, and is loathſome unto men.
Nor doth her Warmth make what is rotten ſound,
What's rotten, rotten will at laſt be found.

The Hyppocrite, ſin has him in Poſſeſſion,
He is a rotten Egg under Profeſſion.

3.

Some Eggs bring Cockatrices; and ſome men
Seem hatcht and brooded in the Vipers Den.
Some Eggs bring wild-Fowls; and ſome men there be
As wild as are the wildeſt Fowls that flee.
Some Eggs bring Spiders; and ſome men appear
More venom than the worſt of Spiders are.
Some Eggs bring Piſs-ants; and ſome ſeem to me
As much for trifles as the Piſs-ants be.
Thus divers Eggs do produce divers ſhapes,
As like ſome Men as Monkeys are like Apes.
But this is but an Egg, were it a Chick,
Here had been Legs, and Wings, and Bones to pick.

IV.

Upon the Lord's Prayer.

OUr Father which in Heaven art;
Thy name be always hallowed;
Thy Kingdom come; thy Will be done;
Thy Heav'nly path be followed.
By us on Earth as 'tis with thee,
We humbly pray;
And let our Bread us given be
From day to day.
Forgive our debts, as we forgive
Thoſe that to us indebted are:

Into temptation lead us not;
But ſave us from the wicked's Snare.
The Kingdom's thine, the Power too,
We thee adore;
The Glory alſo ſhall be thine
For evermore.

V

Meditation upon Peep of day.

I Oft, though it be peep of day, do'nt know,
Whether 'tis Night, whether 'tis Day or no.
I fancy that I ſee a little light;
But cannot yet diſtinguiſh day from night.
I hope, I doubt, but ſteddy yet I be not,
I am not at a point, the Sun I ſee not.
Thus 'tis with ſuch, who Grace but now poſſeſt,
They know not yet, if they are curſt or bleſt.

VI.

Upon the Flint in the Water.

This Flint, time out of mind, has there abode,
Where Chryſtal Streams make their continual Road;
Yet it abides a Flint as much as 'twere,
Before it touch'd the Water, or came there.
Its hard obdurateneſs is not abated,
'Tis not at all by water penetrated.

Though

Though water hath a ſoftning vertue in't,
This Stone it can't diſſolve, 'cauſe 'tis a Flint:
Yea though it in the water doth remain;
It doth it's fiery nature ſtill retain.
If you oppoſe it with it's Oppoſit,
At you, yea, in your face it's fire 'twill ſpit.

Compariſon.

This Flint an Emblem is of thoſe that lye,
Like ſtones, under the Word, until they dye.
It's Chryſtal Streams hath not their nature changed,
They are not from their Luſts by Grace eſtranged.

VII.

Upon the Fiſh in the Water.

1.

The water is the Fiſhes Element:
Take her from thence, none can her death prevent.
And ſome have ſaid, who have Tranſgreſſors been,
As good not be, as to be kept from ſin.

2.

The water is the Fiſhes Element:
Leave her but there, and ſhe is well content.
So's he who in the path of Life doth plod,
Take all, ſays he, let me but have my God.

3.

The water is the Fiſhes Element:
er ſportings there to her are excellent.
o is God's Service unto Holy men,
hey are not in their Element till then.

VIII.

Upon the Swallow.

THis pretty Bird, oh! how ſhe flies and ſings!
But could ſhe do ſo if ſhe had not Wings?
er Wings, beſpeak my Faith, her Songs my Peace;
hen I believe and ſing, my Doubtings ceaſe.

IX.

Upon the Bee.

The Bee goes out and Honey home doth bring;
And ſome who ſeek that Hony find a ſting.
ow wouldſt thou have the Hony and be free
om ſtinging; in the firſt place kill the Bee.

Compariſon.

This Bee an Emblem truly is of ſin
hoſe Sweet unto a many death hath been.
ow would'ſt have Sweet from ſin, and yet not dye,
o thou it in the firſt place mortifie.

X.

Upon the Creed.

I Do believe in God;
And in his only Son;
Born of a Woman, yet * begot
Before the World begun.
I also do believe
That he was crucifi'd,
Was dead and buried; and yet
Believe he * never dy'd.
The Third day I believe
He did rise from the dead;
Went up to Heav'n, and is of God
Of all things made the Head.
Also I do believe,
That he from thence shall come,
To judge the quick, the dead, and to
Give unto all just Doom.
Moreover I believe
In God the Holy Ghost;
And that there is an Holy Church,
An universal Host.
Also I do believe,
That sin shall be forgiven;
And that the dead shall rise; and that
The Saints shall dwell in Heaven.

* *as to his Godhead.*

* *as to his Godhead.*

XI.

Upon a low'ring Morning.

Well, with the day, I ſee, the Clouds appear,
And mix the light with darkneſs every where:
This threatning is to Travellers, that go
Long Journeys, ſlabby Rain, they'l have or Snow.
Elſe while I gaze, the Sun doth with his beams
Belace the Clouds, as 'twere with bloody Streams;
This done, they ſuddenly do watry grow,
And weep, and pour their tears out where they go.

Compariſon.

Thus 'tis when Goſpel-light doth uſher in
To us, both ſenſe of Grace, and ſenſe of Sin;
Yea when it makes ſin red with Chriſt's blood,
Then we can weep, till weeping does us good.

XII.

Upon over-much Niceneſs.

'Tis much to ſee how over-Nice ſome are,
About the Body and Houſhold Affair:
While what's of worth, they ſlightly paſs it by,
Not doing, or doing it ſlovenly.

Their

Their houſe muſt be well furniſht, be in print;
Mean while their Soul lies ley, has no good in't.
Its outſide alſo they muſt beautifie,
When in it there's ſcarce common Honeſty.
Their Bodies they muſt have trick'd up, and trim
Their inſide full of Filth up to the brim.
Upon their cloths there muſt not be a ſpot,
But is their lives more then one common Blot?
How nice, how coy are ſome about their Diet,
That can their crying Souls with Hogs-meat quiet.
All dreſt muſt to an hair be, elſe 'tis naught,
While of the living bread they have no thought.
Thus for their Outſide they are clean and nice,
While their poor Inſide ſtinks with ſin and vice.

XII.

Meditations upon the Candle.

MAn's like a Candle in a Candleſtick,
Made up of Tallow, and a little Wick;
And as the Candle is when 'tis not lighted,
So is he who is in his ſins benighted.
Nor can a man his Soul with Grace inſpire,
More then can Candles ſet themſelves on fire.
Candles receive their light from what they are not
Men Grace from him, for whom at firſt they care not.
We manage Candles when they take the fire;
God men, when he with Grace doth them inſpire.

And biggeſt Candles give the better light,
As Grace on biggeſt Sinners ſhines moſt bright.
The Candle ſhines to make another ſee,
A Saint unto his Neighbour light ſhould be.
The blinking Candle we do much deſpiſe,
Saints dim of light are high in no mans eyes.
Again, though it may ſeem to ſome a Riddle,
We uſe to light our Candle at the middle;
True, light doth at the Candles end appear,
And Grace the heart firſt reaches by the Ear.
But 'tis the Wick the fire doth kindle on,
As 'tis the heart that Grace firſt works upon.
Thus both doth faſten upon what's the main,
And ſo their Life and Vigour do maintain.
The Tallow makes the Wick yield to the fire;
And ſinful Fleſh doth make the Soul deſire,
That Grace may kindle on it, in it burn;
So Evil makes the Soul from Evil turn.
But Candles in the wind are apt to flare;
And Chriſt'ans in a Tempeſt to deſpair.
The flame alſo with Smoak attended is;
And in our holy lives there's much amiſs.
Sometimes a Thief will candle-light annoy;
And luſts do ſeek our Graces to deſtroy.
What brackiſh is will make a Candle ſputter;
T'wixt ſin and Grace there's oft a heavy clutter.
Sometimes the light burns dim, 'cauſe of the ſnuff,
Sometimes it is blown quite out with a puff;
But Watchfulneſs preventeth both theſe evils,
Keeps Candles light and Grace in ſpight of Devils.

Nor

Nor let not ſnuffs nor puffs make us to doubt;
Our Candles may be lighted, though pufft out.
The Candle in the night doth all excel.
Nor Sun, nor Moon, nor Stars, then ſhine ſo well.
So is the Chriſtian in our Hemiſphere,
Whoſe light ſhews others how their courſe to ſteer.
When Candles are put out, all's in confuſion;
Where Chriſtians are not, Devils make Intruſion.
Then happy are they who ſuch Candles have,
All others dwell in darkneſs and the Grave.
But Candles that do blink within the Socket,
And Saints whoſe heads are always in their pocket,
Are much alike; ſuch Candles make us fumble,
And at ſuch Saints, good men and bad do ſtumble.
Good Candles do'nt offend, except ſore eyes,
Nor hurt unleſs it be the ſilly Flies:
Thus none like burning Candles in the night,
Nor ought to holy living for delight.
But let us draw towards the Candles end,
The fire, you ſee, doth Wick and Tallow ſpend.
As Grace mans life, until his Glaſs is run,
And ſo the Candle and the Man is done.
The man now lays him down upon his Bed;
The Wick yields up its fire; and ſo is dead.
The Candle now extinct is, but the man,
By Grace mounts up to Glory, there to ſtand.

XIV.

Upon the Sacraments.

Two Sacraments I do believe there be,
Baptiſm and the Supper of the Lord:
Both Myſteries divine, which do to me,
By Gods appointment, benefit afford:
But ſhall they be my God? or ſhall I have
Of them ſo foul and impious a Thought,
To think that from the Curſe they can me ſave?
Bread, Wine, nor Water me no ramſom bought.

XV.

Upon the Suns Reflection upon the Clouds in a fair Morning.

LOok yonder, ah! Methinks mine eyes do ſee,
Clouds edg'd with ſilver, as fine Garments be!
They look as if they ſaw that Golden face,
That makes black Clouds moſt beautiful with Grace.
Unto the Saints ſweet incenſe or their Prayer,
Theſe Smoaky curdled Clouds I do compare.
For as theſe Clouds ſeem edg'd or lac'd with Gold,
Their Prayers return with Bleſſings manifold.

XVI.

Upon Apparel.

GOd gave us Cloaths to hide our *Nakedneſs*,
And we by *them*, do *it* expoſe to View.
Our Pride, and unclean Minds, *to an exceſs*,
By our Apparel we to others ſhew.

XVII.

The Sinner and the Spider.

Sinner.

WHat black? what ugly crawling thing art (thou?
Spider.
I am a Spider ———

Sinner.

A Spider, Ay, alſo a filthy Creature.

Spider.

Not filthy as thy ſelf, in Name or Feature:
My Name intailed is to my Creation;
My Feature's from the God of thy Salvation.

Sinner.

I am a Man, and in God's Image made,
I have a Soul ſhall neither dye nor fade:
God has poſſeſſed me with humane Reaſon,
Speak not againſt me, leſt thou ſpeakeſt Treaſon.

For if I am the Image of my Maker,
Of Slanders laid on me he is Partaker.

Spider.

I know thou art a Creature far above me,
Therefore I ſhun, I fear, and alſo love thee.
But tho thy God hath made thee ſuch a Creature,
Thou haſt againſt him often play'd the Traitor.
Thy ſin has fetcht thee down: Leave off to boaſt;
Nature thou haſt defil'd; God's Image loſt.
Yea thou, thy ſelf a very Beaſt haſt made,
And art become like Graſs, which ſoon doth fade.
Thy Soul, thy Reaſon, yea thy ſpotleſs State,
Sin has ſubjected to th'moſt dreadful fate.
But I retain my primitive condition,
I've all, but what I loſt by thy Ambition.

Sinner.

Thou venom'd thing, I know not what to call thee,
The Dregs of Nature ſurely did befal thee;
Thou waſt made of the Droſs, and Scum of all;
Man hates thee, doth in ſcorn thee Spider *call.*

Spider.

My Venom's good for ſomething, 'cauſe God made it;
Thy Sin has ſpoilt thy Nature, doth degrade it
Of humane Vertues; therefore tho I fear thee,
I will not, tho I might, deſpiſe and jear thee.
Thou ſayſt I am the very Dregs of Nature,
Thy Sin's the ſpawn of Devils, 'tis no Creature.
Thou ſayſt man hates me, 'cauſe I am a Spider,
Poor man, thou at thy God art a Derider:

My venom tendeth to my Preſervation;
Thy pleaſing Follies work out thy Damnation.
Poor man, I keep the rules of my Creation;
Thy ſin has caſt thee headlong from thy Station.
I hurt no body willingly; but thou
Art a ſelf-Murderer: Thou knowſt not how
To do what good is, no thou loveſt evil;
Thou fly'ſt God's Law, adhereſt to the Devil.

Sinner.

Ill-ſhaped Creature there's Antipathy
'Twixt Men and Spiders, 'tis in vain to lie,
I hate thee, ſtand off, if thou doſt come nigh me,
I'll cruſh thee with my foot; I do defie thee.

Spider.

They are ill ſhap't, who warped are by ſin;
Antipathy in thee hath long time bin
To God. No marvel then, if me his Creature
Thou doſt defie, pretending Name and Feature.
But why ſtand off? My Preſence ſhall not throng thee,
'Tis not my venom, but thy ſin doth wrong thee.
Come I will teach thee Wiſdom, do but hear me,
I was made for thy profit, do not fear me.
But if thy God thou wilt not hearken to,
What can the Swallow, Ant, or Spider do?
Yet I will ſpeak, I can but be rejected;
Sometimes great things, by ſmall means are effected.
Hark then; tho man is noble by Creation,
He's lapſed now to ſuch Degeneration;
Is ſo beſotted, and ſo careleſs grown,
As not to grieve, though he has overthrown

Himſelf

Himself, and brought to Bondage every thing
Created, from the Spider to the King.
This we poor Sensitives do feel and see;
For subject to the Curse you made us be,
Tread not upon me, neither from me go;
'Tis man which has brought all the world to Wo.
The Law of my Creation bids me teach thee,
I will not for thy Pride to God impeach thee.
I spin, I weave, and all to let thee see,
Thy best performances but Cob-webs be.
Thy Glory now is brought to such an Ebb,
It doth not much excel the Spider's Web.
My Webs becoming snares and traps for Flies,
Do set the wiles of Hell before thine eyes.
Their tangling nature is to let thee see,
Thy sins (too) of a tangling nature be.
My Den, or Hole, for that 'tis bottomless,
Doth of Damnation shew the Lastingness.
My lying quat, until the Fly is catcht,
Shews, secretly Hell hath thy ruin hatcht.
In that I on her seize, when she is taken,
I shew who gathers whom God hath forsaken.
The Fly lies buzzing in my Web to tell
Thee, how the Sinners roar and howl in Hell.
Now since I shew thee all these Mysteries,
How canst thou hate me, or me Scandalize?

Sinner.

Well, well, I no more will be a Deriders;
I did not look for such things from a Spider.

Spider.

Come, hold thy peace, what I have yet to ſay,
If heeded, help thee may another day.
Since I an ugly ven'mous Creature be,
There is ſome Semblance 'twixt vile Man and Me.
My wild and heedleſs Runnings, are like thoſe
Whoſe ways to ruin do their Souls expoſe.
Day-light is not my time, I work 'ith' night,
To ſhew, they are like me who hate the Light.
The ſlighteſt Bruſh will overthrow my houſe,
To ſhew falſe Pleaſures are not worſe a Louſe.
The Maid ſweeps one Web down, I make another,
To ſhew how heedleſs ones Convictions ſmother.
My Web is no defence at all to me,
Nor will falſe Hopes at Judgment be to thee.

Sinner.

O Spider I have heard thee, and do wonder,
A Spider ſhould thus lighten, and thus thunder!

Spider.

Do but hold ſtill, and I will let thee ſee,
Yet in my ways more Myſteries there be.
Shall not I do thee good, if I thee tell,
I ſhew to thee a four-fold way to Hell.
For ſince I ſet my Webs in ſundry places,
I ſhew men go to Hell in divers traces.
One I ſet in the window, that I might
Shew, ſome go down to Hell with Goſpel-light.
One I ſet in a Corner, as you ſee,
To ſhew, how ſome in ſecret ſnared be.

Groſs Webs great ſtore I ſet in darkſome places,
To ſhew, how many ſin with brazen faces.
Another Web I ſet aloft on high,
To ſhew, there's ſome profeſſing men muſt dye.
Thus in my Ways, God Wiſdom doth conceal;
And by my ways, that Wiſdom doth reveal.
I hide my ſelf, when I for Flies do wait,
So doth the Devil, when he lays his bait.
If I do fear the loſing of my prey,
I ſtir me, and more ſnares upon her lay.
This way, and that, her Wings and Legs I tye,
That ſure as ſhe is catcht, ſo ſhe muſt dye.
But if I ſee ſhe's like to get away,
Then with my Venom, I her Journey ſtay.
All which my ways, the Devil imitates,
To catch men 'cauſe he their Salvation hates.

Sinner.

O Spider, thou delight'ſt me with thy Skill,
I prethee ſpit this Venom at me ſtill.

Spider.

I am a Spider, yet I can poſſeſs
The Palace of a King, where Happineſs
So much abounds. Nor when I do go thither,
Do they ask what, or whence I come, or whether
I make my haſty Travels, no not they;
They let me paſs, and I go on my way.
I ſeize the Palace, do with hands take hold
Of Doors, of locks, or bolts; yea I am bold.
When in, to Clamber up unto the Throne,
And to poſſeſs it, as if 'twere mine own.

Nor is there any Law forbidding me
Here to abide, or in this Palace be.
Yea, if I pleaſe I do the higheſt Stories
Aſcend, there ſit, and ſo behold the Glories
My ſelf is compaſt with, as if I were
One of the chiefeſt Courtiers that be there.
Here Lords and Ladies do come round about me,
With grave Demeanor: Nor do any ſlout me,
For this my brave Adventure, no not they;
They come, they go, but leave me there to ſtay.
Now, my Reproacher, I do by all this
Shew how thou may'ſt poſſeſs thy ſelf of Bliſs:
Thou art worſe than a Spider, but take hold
On Chriſt the Door, thou ſhalt not be controul'd.
By him do thou the Heavenly Palace enter,
None chide thee will for this thy brave Adventure.
Approach thou then unto the very Throne,
There ſpeak thy mind, fear not, the Day's thine own.
Nor Saint nor Angel will thee ſtop or ſtay;
But rather tumble blocks out of thy way.
My Venom ſtops not me, let not thy Vice
Stop thee; poſſeſs thy ſelf of Paradice.
Go on, I ſay, although thou be a Sinner,
Learn to be bold in Faith of me a Spinner.
This is the way the Glories to poſſeſs,
And to enjoy what no man can expreſs.
Sometimes I find the Palace door up lock't;
And ſo my entrance thither as up blockt.
But am I daunted? No, I here and there
Do feel, and ſearch; ſo, if I any where,

At any chink or creviſe find my way,
I croud, I preſs for paſſage, make no ſtay;
And ſo, tho difficultly, I attain
The Palace, yea the Throne where Princes reign.
I croud ſometimes, as if I'd burſt in ſunder;
And art thou cruſh't with ſtriving do not wonder.
Some ſcarce get in, and yet indeed they enter;
Knock, for they nothing have that nothing venture.
Nor will the King himſelf throw dirt on thee,
As thou haſt caſt Reproaches upon me.
He will not hate thee, O thou foul Backſlider!
As thou didſt me, becauſe I am a Spider.
Now, to conclude; ſince I ſuch Doctrine bring,
Slight me no more, call me not ugly thing.
God Wiſdom hath unto the *Piſs-ant* given,
And *Spiders* may teach men the way to Heaven.

Sinner.

Well, my good Spider, I my Errors ſee,
I was a fool for railing upon thee.
Thy Nature, Venom, and thy fearful Hue,
Both ſhew what Sinners are, and what they do.
Thy way and works do alſo darkly tell,
How ſome men go to Heaven, and ſome to Hell.
Thou art my Monitor, I am a Fool;
They learn may, that to Spiders go to School.

XVIII.

Meditations upon day before Sun-rising,

But all this while, where's he whose Golden rays
Drives night away, and beautifies our days?
Where's he whose goodly face doth warm and heal,
And shew us what the darksome nights conceal?
Where's he that thaws our Ice, drives Cold away?
Let's have him, or we care not for the day.
Thus 'tis with who partakers are of Grace,
There's nought to them like their Redeemers face.

XIX.

Of the Mole in the Ground.

THe Mole's a Creature very smooth and slick,
She digs i'th'dirt, but 'twill not on her stick.
So's he who counts this world his greatest gains,
Yet nothing gets but's labour for his pains.
Earth's the Mole's Element, she can't abide
To be above ground, dirt heaps are her pride;
And he is like her, who the Wordling plays,
He imitates her in her works, and ways.
Poor silly Mole, that thou should'st love to be,
Where thou, nor Sun, nor Moon, nor Stars can see.
But oh! How silly's he, who doth not care,
So he gets Earth, to have of Heaven a share!

XX.

Of the Cuckow.

Thou Booby, ſayſt thou nothing but *Cuckow*?
The *Robin* and the *Wren* can thee out-do.
They to us play thorow their little throats,
Not one, but ſundry pretty taking Notes.
But thou haſt Fellows, ſome like thee can do
Little but ſuck our Eggs, and ſing Cuckow.

Thy notes do not *Firſt* welcome in our Spring,
Nor doſt thou it's firſt Tokens to us bring.
Birds leſs then thee by far, like Prophets, do
Tell us 'tis coming, tho not by Cuckow.

Nor doſt thou Summer have away with thee,
Though thou a yauling, bauling Cuckow be.
When thou doſt ceaſe among us to appear,
Then doth our Harveſt bravely crown our year.
But thou haſt fellows, ſome like thee can do
Little but ſuck our Eggs, and ſing Cuckow.

Since Cuckows forward not our early Spring,
Nor help with notes to bring our Harveſt in:
And ſince while here, ſhe only makes a noiſe,
So pleaſing unto none as Girls and Boys;
The Formaliſt we may compare her to,
For he doth ſuck our Eggs and ſing Cuckow.

XXI.

Of the Boy and Butter-Fly.

Behold how eager this our little Boy,
Is of this Butter Fly, as if all Joy,
All Profits, Honours, yea and lasting Pleasures,
Were wrapt up in her, or the richest Treasures,
Found in her would be bundled up together,
When all her all is lighter than a feather.
He hollo's, runs, and cries out here Boys, here,
Nor doth he Brambles or the Nettles fear:
He stumbles at the Mole-Hills, up he gets,
And runs again, as one bereft of wits;
And all this labour and this large Out-cry,
Is only for a silly Butter-fly.

Comparison.

This little Boy an Emblem is of those,
Whose hearts are wholly at the World's dispose.
The Butter-fly doth represent to me,
The Worlds best things at best but fading be.
All are but painted Nothings and false Joys,
Like this poor Butter-fly to these our Boys.
His running thorough Nettles, Thorns and Bryers,
To gratifie his boyish fond desires,
His tumbling over Mole-hills to attain
His end, namely, his Butter-fly to gain;

Doth plainly ſhew, what hazards ſome men run,
To get what will be loſt as ſoon as won.
Men ſeem in Choice, then children far more wiſe,
Becauſe they run not after Butter-flies:
When yet alas! for what are empty Toys
They follow Children, like to beardleſs Boys.

XXII.

Of the Fly at the Candle.

What ails this Fly thus deſperately to enter
A Combat with the Candle? will ſhe venture
To claſh at light? Away thou ſilly fly;
Thus doing, thou wilt burn thy wings and dye.
But 'tis a folly her advice to give,
She'l kill the Candle, or ſhe will not live.
Slap, ſays ſhe, at it; then ſhe makes retreat,
So wheels about and doth her blows repeat.
Nor doth the Candle let her quite eſcape,
But gives ſome little check unto the Ape:
Throws up her heels it doth, ſo down ſhe falls,
Where ſhe lies ſprawling, and for ſuccor calls.
When ſhe recovers, up ſhe gets again,
And at the Candle comes with might and main.
But now behold, the Candle takes the Fly,
And holds her till ſhe doth by burning dye.

Compariſon.

This Candle is an Emblem of that Light,
Our Goſpel gives in this our darkſome night.
The Fly a lively Picture is of thoſe
That hate, and do this Goſpel-light oppoſe.
At laſt the Goſpel doth become their ſnare,
Doth them with burning hands in peices tear.

XXIII.

Upon the Lark and the Fowler

Thou ſimple Bird what mak'ſt thou here to play?
Look, there's the Fowler, prethee come away.
Doſt not behold the Net? Look there 'tis ſpread,
Venture a little further thou art dead.
Is there not room enough in all the Field
For thee to play in, but thou needs muſt yield
To the deceitful glitt'ring of a Glaſs,
Plac'd betwixt Nets to bring thy death to paſs?
Bird, if thou art ſo much for dazling light,
Look, there's the Sun above thee, dart upright?
Thy nature is to ſoar up to the Sky,
Why wilt thou come down to the nets, and dye?
Take no heed to the Fowler's tempting Call;
This whiſtle he enchanteth Birds withal.
Or if thou ſeeſt a live Bird in his net,
Believe ſhe's there 'cauſe thence ſhe cannot get.

Look

Look how he tempteth thee with his Decoy,
That he may rob thee of thy Life, thy Joy:
Come, prethee Bird, I prethee come away,
Why ſhould this net thee take, when 'ſcape thou may?
Hadſt thou not Wings, or were thy feathers pull'd,
Or waſt thou blind or faſt aſleep wer't lull'd:
The caſe would ſomewhat alter, but for thee,
Thy eyes are ope, and thou haſt Wings to flee.
Remember that thy Song is in thy Riſe,
Not in thy Fall, Earth's not thy Paradiſe.
Keep up aloft then, let thy circuits be
Above, where Birds from Fowlers nets are free.

Compariſon

This Fowler is an Emblem of the Devil,
His Nets and Whiſtle, Figures of all evil.
His Glaſs an Emblem is of ſinful Pleaſure,
And his Decoy, of who counts ſin a Treaſure.
This ſimple Lark's a ſhadow of a Saint,
Under allurings, ready now to faint.
This admoniſher a true Teacher is,
Whoſe work's to ſhew the Soul the ſnare and bliſs.
And how it may this Fowler's net eſcape,
And not commit upon it ſelf this Rape.

XXIV.

Of the fatted Swine.

Ah, Sirrah! I perceive thou art Corn-fed,
With beſt of Hoggs-meat thou art pampered.
Thou wallow'ſt in thy fat, up thou art ſtaf'd,
Art not as heretofore to Hogs-waſh call'd. (it.
Thine Orts lean Pigs would leap at, might they have
One may ſee by their whining how they crave it.
But Hogg, why look'ſt ſo big? Why doſt ſo flounce,
So ſnort, and fling away, doſt now renounce
Subjection to thy Lord, 'cauſe he has fed thee?
Thou art yet but a Hogg, of ſuch he bred thee.
Lay by thy ſnorting, do not look ſo big,
What was thy Predeceſſor but a Pig.
But come my gruntling, when thou art full fed,
Forth to the Butchers Stall thou muſt be led.
Then will an end be put unto thy ſnortings,
Unto thy boariſh Looks and hoggiſh Sportings;
Then thy ſhrill crys will eccho in the air;
Thus will my Pig for all his Greatneſs fare.

Compariſon.

This Emblem ſhews, ſome men are in this life,
Like full-fed Hoggs prepared for the Knife.
It likewiſe ſhews ſome can take no Reproof,
More than the fatted Hogg, who ſtands aloof.

Yea

Yea; that they never will for mercy cry,
Till time is paſt, and they for ſin muſt dye.

XXV.

On the riſing of the Sun.

LOok, look, brave *Sol* doth peep up from beneath,
Shews us his golden face, doth on us breath.
He alſo doth compaſs us round with Glories,
Whilſt he aſcends up to his higher Stories.
Where he his Banner over us diſplays,
And gives us light to ſee our Works and Ways.
Nor are we now, as at the peep of light,
To queſtion, Is it day, or is it night?
The night is gone, the ſhadow's fled away;
And we now moſt ſure are that it is day.
Our Eyes behold it, and our Hearts believe it,
Nor can the wit of man in this deceive it.
And thus it is when Jeſus ſhews his face,
And doth aſſure us of his Love and Grace.

XXVI.

Upon the promiſing Fruitfulneſs of a Tree.

A Comely ſight indeed it is to ſee,
A World of Bloſſoms on an Apple-tree.
Yet far more comely would this Tree appear,
If all its dainty blooms young Apples were.

But how much more might one upon it see,
If all would hang there till they ripe should be.
But most of all in Beauty 'twould abound,
If then none worm-eaten could there be found.
But we, alas! Do commonly behold
Blooms fall apace, if mornings be but cold.
They (too) which hang till they young Apples are,
By blasting Winds and Vermine take despair.
Store that do hang, while almost ripe, we see
By blustring Winds are shaken from the Tree.
So that of many only some there be,
That grow till they come to Maturity.

Comparison.

This Tree a perfect Emblem is of those,
Which God doth plant, which in his Garden grows.
It's blasted Blooms are *Motions* unto Good,
Which chill Affections do nip in the bud.
Those little Apples which yet blasted are,
Shew, some good *Purposes*, no good Fruits bare.
Those spoilt by Vermin are to let us see,
How good *Attempts* by bad Thoughts ruin'd be.
Those which the Wind blows down, while they are green,
Shew, good *Works* have by Tryal spoyled been:
Those that abide, while ripe, upon the Tree,
Shew, in a good man *some* ripe Fruit *will* be.
Behold then how abortive some Fruits are,
Which at the first most promising appear.

The

The Froſt, the Wind, the Worm with time doth ſhew,
There flows from much Appearance, works but few.

XXVII.

On the Poſt-boy.

BEhold this Poſt-boy, with what haſte and ſpeed
He travels on the Road; and there is need
That he ſo does, his Buſineſs call for haſte.
For ſhould he in his Journey now be caſt,
His Life for that default might hap to go;
Yea, and the Kingdom come to ruin too.
Stages are for him fixt, his hour is ſet,
He has a Horn to ſound, that none may let
Him in his haſte, or give him ſtop or ſtay.
Then Poſt-boy blow thy horn, and go thy way.

Compariſon.

This Poſt-boy in this haſte an Emblem is,
Of thoſe that are ſet out for laſting Bliſs.
Nor Poſts that glide the road from day to day,
Have ſo much buſineſs, nor concerns as they.
Make clear the road then, Poſt-boy ſound thy horn,
Miſcarry here, and better n'ere been born.

XXVIII.

Upon the Horſe in the Mill.

HOrſes that work i'th' Mill muſt hood-wink't be;
For they'l be ſick or giddy, if they ſee.
But keep them blind enough, and they will go
That way which would a ſeeing Horſe undo.

Compariſon.

Thus 'tis with thoſe that do go *Satan's* Round,
No ſeeing man can live upon his ground.
Then let us count thoſe unto ſin inclin'd,
Either beſides their wits, bewitch'd or blind.

XXIX.

Upon a Ring of Bells.

BElls have wide mouths and tongues, but are too weak;
Have they not help, to ſing, or talk, or ſpeak.
But if you move them they will mak't appear,
By ſpeaking they'l make all the Town to hear.
When Ringers handle them with Art and Skill,
They then the ears of their Obſervers fill,
With ſuch brave Notes, they ting and tang ſo well
As to out ſtrip all with their ding, dong, Bell.

Compariſon.

Compariſon.

Theſe Bells are like the Powers of my Soul;
Their Clappers to the Paſſions of my mind:
The Ropes by which my Bells are made to tole,
Are Promiſes (I by experience find.)
My body is the Steeple, where they hang,
My Graces they which do ring ev'ry Bell:
Nor is there any thing gives ſuch a tang,
When by theſe Ropes theſe Ringers ring them well.
Let not my Bells theſe Ringers want, nor Ropes;
Yea let them have room for to ſwing and ſway:
To toſs themſelves deny them not their Scopes.
Lord! in my Steeple give them room to play.
If they do tole, ring out, or chime all in,
They drown the tempting tinckling Voice of Vice:
Lord! when my Bells have gone, my Soul has bin
As 'twere a tumbling in this Paradice!
Or if theſe Ringers do the Changes ring,
Upon my Bells, they do ſuch Muſick make,
My Soul then (Lord) cannot but bounce and ſing,
So greatly her they with their Muſick take.
But Boys (my Luſts) into my Belfry go,
And pull theſe Ropes, but do no Muſick make:
They rather turn my Bells by what they do,
Or by diſorder make my Steeple ſhake.
Then, Lord! I pray thee keep my Belfry Key,
Let none but Graces meddle with theſe Ropes:
And when theſe naughty Boys come, ſay them Nay,
From ſuch Ringers of Muſick there's no hopes.

O Lord! If thy poor Child might have his will,
And might his meaning freely to thee tell;
He never of this Muſick has his fill,
There's nothing to him like thy ding, dong, Bell.

XXX.

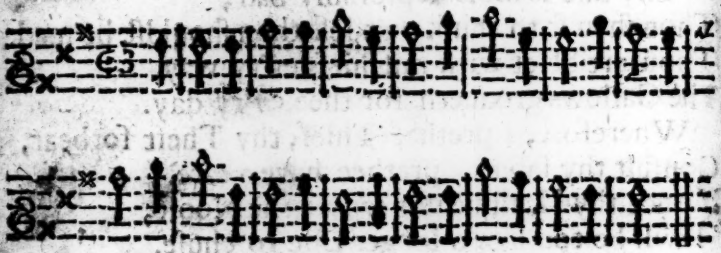
Upon the Thief.

THe Thief, when he doth ſteal, thinks he doth gain
Yet then the greateſt Loſs he doth ſuſtain.
Come Thief, tell me thy Gains, but do not falter,
When ſum'd what comes it to more than the Halter?
Perhaps, thou'lt ſay, the Halter I defie;
So thou mayſt ſay, yet by the Halter dye.
Thou'lt ſay, then there's an end; no, prethee hold
He was no Friend of thine that thee ſo told.
Hear thou the Word of God, that will thee tell
Without Repentance Thieves muſt go to Hell.
But ſhould it be as thy falſe Prophet ſays,
Yet nought but Loſs doth come by Thieviſh ways.
All honeſt men will flee thy Company,
Thou liv'ſt a Rogue, and ſo a Rogue wilt dye.
Innocent boldneſs thou haſt none at all,
Thy inward thoughts do thee a Villain call.
Sometimes when thou ly'ſt warmly on thy Bed,
Thou art like one unto the Gallows led.
Fear, as a Conſtable, breaks in upon thee;
Thou art as if the Town was up to ſtone thee.

If Hogs do grunt, or ſilly Rats do ruſle,
Thou art in conſternations, think'ſt a buſle
By men about the door is made to take thee:
And all becauſe good Conſcience doth forſake thee.
Thy caſe is moſt deplorably bad;
Thou ſhun'ſt to think on't, leſt thou ſhouldſt be mad:
Thou art beſet with miſchiefs ev'ry way,
The Gallows groaneth for thee ev'ry day.
Wherefore, I prethee Thief, thy Theft forbear,
Conſult thy ſafety, prethee have a care.
If once thy Head be got within the Nooſe,
'Twill be too late a longer Life to chuſe.
As to the Penitent thou readeſt of,
What's that to them who at Repentance ſcoff.
Nor is that Grace at thy Command or Pow'r,
That thou ſhouldſt put it off till the laſt hour.
I prethee Thief think on't, and turn betime;
Few go to Life who do the Gallows clime.

XXXI.

Of the Child with the Bird at the Buſh.



My little Bird, how canſt thou ſit;
And ſing amidſt ſo many Thorns!
Let me but hold upon thee get;
My Love with Honour thee adorns.
Thou art at preſent little worth;
Five farthings none will give for thee.
But prethee little Bird come forth,
Thou of more value art to me.
'Tis true, it is Sun-ſhine to day,
To morrow Birds will have a Storm;
My pretty one, come thou away,
My Boſom then ſhall keep thee warm.
Thou ſubject art to cold o'nights,
When darkneſs is thy covering,
At day's thy dangers great by Kites,
How canſt thou then ſit there and ſing?

Thy

Thy food is ſcarce and ſcanty too,
'Tis Worms and Traſh which thou doſt eat;
Thy preſent ſtate I pity do,
Come, I'll provide thee better meat.
I'll feed thee with white Bread and Milk,
And Suger-plumbs, if them thou crave;
I'll cover thee with fineſt Silk,
That from the cold I may thee ſave.
My Father's Palace ſhall be thine,
Yea in it thou ſhalt ſit and ſing;
My little Bird, if thou'l't be mine,
The whole year round ſhall be thy Spring.
I'll teach thee all the Notes at Court;
Unthought of Muſick thou ſhalt play;
And all that thither do reſort,
Shall praiſe thee for it ev'ry day.
I'll keep thee ſafe from Cat and Cur,
No manner o'harm ſhall come to thee;
Yea, I will be thy Succourer,
My Boſom ſhall thy Cabbin be.
But lo, behold, the Bird is gone;
Theſe Charmings would not make her yield:
The Child's left at the Buſh alone,
The Bird flies yonder o'er the Field.

Compariſon.

This Child of Chriſt an Emblem is;
The Bird to Sinners I compare:
The Thorns are like thoſe Sins of his,
Which do ſurround him ev'ry where.

Her Songs, her Food, and Sun-ſhine day,
An Emblem's of thoſe fooliſh Toys,
Which to Deſtruction lead the way,
The fruit of worldly, empty Joys.
The Arguments this Child doth chuſe,
To draw to him a Bird thus wild,
Shews Chriſt familiar Speech doth uſe,
To make's to him be reconciled.
The Bird in that ſhe takes her Wing,
To ſpeed her from him after all:
Shews us, vain Man loves any thing,
Much better than the Heav'nly Call.

XXXII.

Of Moſes *and his Wife.*

THis *Moſes* was a fair and comely man;
His wife a ſwarthy Ethiopian:
Nor did his Milk-white Boſom change her Skin;
She came out thence as black as ſhe went in.
Now *Moſes* was a type of *Moſes* Law,
His Wife likewiſe of one that never ſaw
Another way unto eternal Life;
There's Myſt'ry then in *Moſes* and his Wife.
The Law is very Holy, Juſt and good,
And to it is eſpouſ'd all Fleſh and Blood:
But this its Goodneſs it cannot beſtow,
On any that are wedded thereunto.

Therefore

Therefore as *Moſes* Wife came ſwarthy in,
And went out from him without change of Skin:
So he that doth the Law for Life adore,
Shall yet by it be left a Black-a-more.

XXXIII.

Upon the barren Fig-tree in God's Vineyard

What barren, here! in this, ſo good a ſoyl?
The ſight of this doth make God's heart recoyl
From giving thee his Bleſſing: Barren Tree,
Bear Fruit, elſe thine end will curſed be!

Art thou not planted by the water ſide?
Know'ſt not thy Lord by Fruit is glorifi'd?
The Sentence is, cut down the barren Tree:
Bear Fruit, or elſe thine End will curſed be!

Haſt not been dig'd about, and dunged too,
Will neither Patience, nor yet Dreſſing do?
The Executioner is come, O Tree,
Bear Fruit, or elſe thine End will curſed be!

He that about thy Roots takes pains to dig,
Would if on thee were found but one good Fig,
Preſerve thee from the Axe: But barren Tree,
Bear Fruit, or elſe thy End will curſed be!

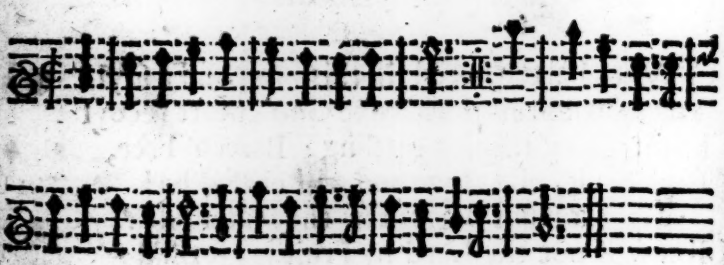
The utmoſt end of Patience is at hand,
'Tis much if thou much longer here doth ſtand.
O Cumber-ground, thou art a barren Tree,
Bear Fruit, or elſe thine End will curſed be!

Thy

Thy ſtanding nor thy name will help at all,
When fruitful Trees are ſpared thou muſt fall.
The Axe is laid unto thy Roots, O Tree!
Bear fruit, or elſe thine End will curſed be!

XXXIIII.

Of the Roſe-buſh.



THis homely Buſh doth to mine eyes expoſe,
A very fair, yea comely, ruddy, *Roſe*.
This *Roſe* doth alſo bow its head to me,
Saying, come, pluck me, I thy Roſe will be.
Yet offer I to gather Roſe or Bud,
Ten to one but the Buſh will have my Blood.
This looks like a Trappan, or a Decoy,
To offer, and yet ſnap who would enjoy.
Yea, the more eager on't, the more in danger,
Be he the Maſter of it, or a Stranger.
Buſh, why doſt bear a Roſe? If none muſt have it,
Why doſt expoſe it, yet claw thoſe that crave it?

Art

Art become freakish? Dost the Wanton play,
Or doth thy testy humour tend this way?

Comparison.

This Rose God's Son is, with his ruddy Looks.
But what's the *Bush?* Whose pricks, like Tenter-hooks,
Do scratch and claw the finest Ladies hands,
Or rent her Cloths, if she too near it stands.
This *Bush* an Emblem is of *Adam's* race
Of which Christ came, when he his Father's Grace
Commended to us in his crimson Blood,
While he in Sinners stead and Nature stood.
Thus *Adam's* Race did bear this dainty Rose,
And doth the same to *Adam's* Race expose:
But those of *Adam's* Race which at it catch,
Adam's Race will them prick and claw and scratch.

XXXV.

Of the going down of the Sun.

What, hast thou run thy Race? Art going down?
Thou seemest angry, why dost on us frown?
Yea wrap thy head with Clouds, and hide thy face,
As threatning to withdraw from us thy Grace?
Oh leave us not! When once thou hid'st thy head,
Our Horizon with darkness will be spread.
Tell's, who hath thee offended? Turn again:
Alas! too late Entreaties are in vain!

Comparison.

Compariſon.

Our Goſpel has had here a Summers day;
But in its Sun-ſhine we, like Fools, did play.
Or elſe fall out, and with each other wrangle,
And did inſtead of work not much but jangle.
And if our Sun ſeems angry, hides his face,
Shall it go down, ſhall Night poſſeſs this place?
Let not the voice of night-Birds us affict,
And of our miſ-ſpent Summer us convict.

XXXVI.

Upon the Frog.

THe Frog by Nature is both damp and cold,
Her Mouth is large, her Belly much will hold:
She ſits ſomewhat aſcending, loves to be
Croaking in Gardens, tho unpleaſantly.

Compariſon.

The Hyppocrite is like unto this Frog;
As like as is the Puppy to the Dog.
He is of nature cold, his Mouth is wide,
To prate, and at true Goodneſs to deride.
He mounts his Head, as if he was above
The World, when yet 'tis that which has his Love.

And

And though he seeks in Churches for to croak,
He neither loveth Jesus, nor his Yoak.

XXXVII.

Upon the whipping of a Top.

'Tis with the Whip the Boy sets up the Top,
The Whip makes it run round upon it's Toe;
The Whip makes it hither and thither hop:
'Tis with the Whip, the Top is made to go.

Comparison.

Our Legalist is like unto this Top,
Without a Whip, he doth not Duty do.
Let *Moses* whip him, he will skip and hop;
Forbear to whip, he'l neither stand nor go.

XXXVIII.

Upon the Pismire.

Must we unto the Pis-mire go to School,
To learn of her, in Summer to provide
For Winter next ensuing; Man's a Fool,
Or silly Ants would not be made his Guide.
But Sluggard, is it not a shame for thee,
To be out-done by Pis-mires? Prethee hear:

Their

Their Works (too) will thy Condemnation be,
When at the Judgment Seat thou ſhalt appear.
But ſince thy God doth bid thee to her go,
Obey, her ways conſider, and be wiſe.
The Piſs-ants tell thee will what thou muſt do,
And ſet the way to Life before thine eyes.

XXXIX.

Upon the Beggar.

HE wants, he asks, he pleads his Poverty,
They within doors do him an Alms deny.
He doth repeat and aggravate his Grief;
But they repulſe him, give him no relief.
He begs, they ſay, be gone; he will not hear,
But coughs, ſighs and make ſigns, he ſtill is there.
They diſregard him, he repeats his groans;
They ſtill ſay nay, and he himſelf bemoans.
The grow more rugged, they call him Vagrant;
He cries the ſhriller, trumpets out his want.
At laſt when they perceive he'll take no Nay,
An Alms they give him without more delay.

Compariſon.

This Beggar doth reſemble them that pray
To God for Mercy, and will take no Nay.
But wait, and count that all his hard Gain-ſays,
Are nothing elſe, but fatherly Delays.

Then

Then imitate him, praying Souls, and cry:
There's nothing like to Importunity.

XL.

Upon an Instrument of Musick in an unskilful Hand.

SUppose a Viol, Cittern, Lute, or Harp,
Committed unto him that wanteth Skill;
Can he by Strokes, suppose them flat or sharp,
The Ear of him that hears with Musick fill?
No, no, he can do little else then scrape,
Or put all out of tune, or break a string:
Or make thereon a mutt'ring like an Ape,
Or like one which can neither say nor sing.

Comparison.

The unlearn'd Novices in things Divine,
With this unskill'd Musician I compare:
For such, instead of making Truth to shine,
Abuse the Bible, and unsavoury are.

XLI.

Upon the Horse and his Rider.

THere's one rides very sagely on the Road,
Shewing that he affects the gravest Mode.
Another rides Tantivy, or full Trot,
To shew, much Gravity he matters not.

Lo, here comes one amain, he rides full ſpeed,
Hedge, Ditch, nor Myry Bog, he doth not heed.
One claws it up Hill without ſtop or check,
Another down, as if he'd break his Neck.
Now ev'ry Horſe has his eſpecial Guider;
Then by his going you may know the Rider.

Compariſon

Now let us turn our Horſe into a Man,
His Rider to a Spirit, if we can:
Then let us by the Methods of the Guider,
Tell ev'ry Horſe how he ſhould know his Rider.

Some go as Men direct in a right way,
Nor are they ſuffered to go aſtray:
As with a Bridle they are governed,
And kept from Paths, which lead unto the dead.
Now this good man has his eſpecial Guider;
Then by his going let him know his Rider.

Some go as if they did not greatly care,
Whether of Heaven or Hell they ſhould be Heir.
The Rein it ſeems as laid upon their Neck,
They ſeem to go their way without a check.
Now this man too has his eſpecial Guider;
And by his going he may know his Rider.

Some again run, as if reſolv'd to dye,
Body and Soul to all Eternity.

Good

Good Counsel they by no means can abide;
They'l have their course, whatever them betide.
Now these poor Men have their especial Guider;
Were they not Fools they soon might know their Rider.

There's one makes head against all Godliness,
Those (too) that do profess it he'l distress:
He'l taunt and flout, if Goodness doth appear,
And at its Countenancers mock and jear.
Now this man (too) has his especial Guider;
And by his going he might know his Rider.

XLII.

Upon the Sight of a Pound of Candles falling to the Ground.

But be the Candles down, and scatt'red too,
Some lying here, some there? What shall we do?
Hold, light the Candle there that stands on high,
It you may find the other Candles by.
Light that, I say, and so take up the Pound,
You did let fall, and scatter on the Ground.

Comparison.

The fallen Candles to us intimate,
The milk of God's Elect in their lapst State.
Their lying scatt'red in the dark may be,
To shew by Man's lapst State his Misery,

The Candle that was taken down, and lighted,
Thereby to find them fallen, and benighted,
Is Jesus Christ: God by his Light doth gather
Who he will save, and be unto a Father.

XLIII.

Of Fowls flying in the Air.

Methinks I see a Sight most excellent,
All Sorts of Birds fly in the Firmament:
Some great, some small, all of a divers kind,
Mine Eye affecting, pleasant to my Mind.
Look how they tumble in the wholesom Air,
Above the World of Wordlings, and their care.
And as they divers are in Bulk and Hue,
So are they in their way of flying too.
So many Birds, so many various things,
Tumbling i'th' Element upon their Wings!

Comparison.

These Birds are Emblems of those men, that shall
Ere long possess the Heavens, their All in All.
They are each of a divers shape, and kind;
To teach, we of all Nations there shall find.
They are some great, some little, as we see;
To shew, some great, some small, in Glory be.
Their flying diversly, as we behold;
Do shew Saints Joys will there be manifold.

Some

Some glide, ſome mount, ſome flutter, and ſome do,
In a mixt way of flying, glory too.
And all to ſhew each Saint, to his content,
Shall roul and tumble in that Firmament.

XLIV.

Upon a Penny Loaf.

THy Price one Penny is, in time of Plenty;
In Famine doubled 'tis, from one to twenty.
Yea, no man knows what Price on thee to ſet,
When there is but one Penny Loaf to get.

Compariſon.

THis Loaf's an Emblem of the Word of God,
A thing of low Eſteem, before the Rod
Of Famine ſmites the Soul with Fear of Death:
But then it is our All, our Life, our Breath.

XLV.

Upon the Vine-tree.

VVHat is the Vine, more than another Tree,
Nay moſt, than it, more tall, more comly be?
What Work-man thence will take a Beam or Pin,
To make ought which may be delighted in?

It's Excellency in it's Fruit doth lie.
A fruitleſs Vine! It is not worth a Fly.

Compariſon.

What are Profeſſors more than other men?
Nothing at all. Nay, there's not one in ten,
Either for Wealth, or Wit, that may compare,
In many things, with ſome that Carnal are.
Good are they if they mortifie their Sin;
But without that they are not worth a Pin.

XLVI.

The Boy and Watch-maker.

THis Watch my Father did on me beſtow,
A Golden one it is, but 'twill not go,
Unleſs it be at an Uncertainty;
But as good none, as one to tell a Lye.
When 'tis high Day, my Hand will ſtand at nine;
I think there's no man's Watch ſo bad as mine.
Sometimes 'tis ſullen, 'twill not go at all,
And yet 'twas never broke, nor had a Fall.

Watch-maker.

Your Watch, tho it be good, through want of skill,
May fail to do according to your will.

Suppoſe

Suppoſe the Ballance, Wheels, and Spring be good,
And all things elſe, unleſs you underſtood
To manage it, as Watches ought to be,
Your Watch will ſtill be at Uncertainty.
Come, tell me, do you keep it from the Duſt?
Yea wind it alſo duly up you muſt.
Take heed (too) that you do not ſtrain the String;
You muſt be circumſpect in ev'ry thing.
Or elſe your Watch, were it as good again,
Would not with Time, and Tide you entertain.

Compariſon.

This Boy an Emblem is of a Convert;
His Watch of th'work of Grace within his heart.
The Watch-maker is Jeſus Chriſt our Lord,
His Counſel, the Directions of his Word.
Then Convert, if thy heart be out of frame,
Of this Watch-maker learn to mend the ſame.
Do not lay ope'thy heart to Worldly Duſt,
Nor let thy Graces over-grow with Ruſt.
Be oft renew'd in th' Spirit of thy mind,
Or elſe uncertain thou thy Watch wilt find.

XLVII.

Upon the Boy and his Paper of Plumbs.

WHat haſt thou there, my pretty Boy?
Plumbs? How? Yes, Sir, a Paper full.
I thought 'twas ſo, becauſe with Joy
Thou didſt them out thy Paper pull.

The Boy goes from me, eats his Plumbs,
Which he counts better of than Bread:
But by and by he to me comes,
With nought but Paper and the Thread.

Comparison.

This Boy an Emblem is of such,
Whose Lot in worldly things doth lie:
Glory they in them ne'er so much,
Their pleasant Springs will soon be dry.
Their Wealth, their Health, Honours and Life,
Will quickly to a period come;
If for these, is their only Strife,
They soon will not be worth a Plumb.

XLVIII.

Upon a Looking-glass.

IN this, see thou thy Beauty, hast thou any:
Or thy defects, should they be few or many.
Thou mayst (too) here thy Spots and Freckles see,
Hast thou but Eyes, and what their Numbers be.
But art thou blind, there is no Looking-Glass,
Can shew thee thy defects, thy Spots, or Face.

Comparison.

Compariſon.

Unto this Glaſs we may compare the Word,
For that to man advantage doth afford,
(Has he a Mind to know himſelf and State;)
To ſee what will be his Eternal Fate.
But without Eyes, alas! How can he ſee?
Many that ſeem to look here, blind Men be.
This is the Reaſon, they ſo often read,
Their Judgment there, and do it nothing dread.

XLIX.

Upon a Lanthorn.

THe Lanthorn is to keep the Candle Light,
When it is windy, and a darkſome Night.
Ordain'd it alſo was, that men might ſee
By Night their way, and ſo in ſafety be.

Compariſon.

Compare we now our Lanthorn to the man,
That has within his heart a Work of Grace.
As for another let him, if he can,
Do as this Lanthorn, in its time and place:
Profeſs the Faith, and thou a Lanthorn art:
But yet if Grace has not poſſeſſed thee:

Thou want'ſt this Candle Light within thy heart,
And art none other, than dark Lanthorns be.

L.

Of the Love of Chriſt.

THe love of Chriſt, poor I! may touch upon;
But 'tis unſearchable. Oh! There is none
It's large Dimenſions can comprehend,
Should they dilate thereon, World without end.
When we had ſinned, in his Zeal he ſware,
That he upon his back our Sins would bear.
And ſince unto Sin is entailed Death,
He vowed, for our Sins he'd loſe his Breath.
He did not only ſay, vow, or reſolve,
But to Aſtoniſhment did ſo involve
Himſelf, in man's diſtreſs and miſery,
As for, and with him, both to live and dye.
To his eternal Fame, in Sacred Story,
We find that he did lay aſide his Glory:
Step'd from the Throne of higheſt Dignity;
Become poor Man, did in a Manger lie;
Yea was beholding unto his for Bread;
Had, of his own, not where to lay his Head.
Tho rich, he did, for us, become thus poor,
That he might make us rich for evermore.
Not was this but the leaſt of what he did;
But the outſide of what he ſuffered.
God made his Bleſſed Son under the Law;
Under the Curſe, which, like the Lyon's Paw,

Did rent and tear his Soul, for mankinds Sin,
More than if we for it in Hell had bin.
His Crys, his Tears, and Bloody Agony,
The nature of his Death, doth testify.
Nor did he of Constraint himself thus give,
For Sin, to death, that man might with him live.
He did do what he did most willingly,
He sung, and gave God Thanks, that he must dye.
But do Kings use to dye for Captive Slaves?
Yet we were such, when Jesus dy'd to save's.
Yea, when he made himself a Sacrifice,
It was that he might save his Enemies.
And, tho he was provoked to retract
His blest Resolves, for such, so good an Act,
By the abusive Carriages of those
That did both him, his Love, and Grace oppose:
Yet he, as unconcerned with such things,
Goes on, determines to make Captives Kings.
Yea, many of his Murderers he takes
Into his Favour, and them Princes makes.

LI.

Of the Horse and Drum.

SOme Horses will, some can't endure the Drum,
But snort and flounce, if it doth near them come.
They will, nor Bridle nor Rider obey,
But head strong be, and fly out of the way.

These skittish Jades, that can't this noise abide,
Nor will be rul'd by him that doth them ride;
I do compare those our Professors to,
Which start from Godliness in Tryals do.
To these, the threats that are against them made,
Are like this Drum to this our starting Jade.
They are offended at them and forsake
Christ, of whose ways they did Profession make.
But, as I said, there other Horses be,
That from a Drum will neither start, nor flee.
Let Drummers beat a Charge, or what they will,
They'l nose them, face them, keep their places still.
They fly not when they to those rattlings come,
But like War-Horses do endure the Drum.

LII.

On the Kackling of a Hen.

THe Hen so soon as she an Egg doth lay,
(Spreads the Fame of her doing, what she may.)
About the Yard she kackling now doth go,
To tell what 'twas she at her Nest did do.

Just thus it is with some Professing men,
If they do ought that good is, like our Hen,
They can't but kackle on't, where 'ere they go,
What their right hand doth, their left hand must (know.

LIII.

Upon an Hour-Glass.

THis Glass when made, was by the Work-mans Skill,
The Sum of sixty minutes to fulfill.
Time more, nor less, by it will out be spun,
But just an Hour, and then the Glass is run.

Man's Life, we will compare unto this Glass,
The Number of his Months he cannot pass;
But when he has accomplished his day,
He, like a Vapour, vanisheth away.

LIV.

Upon the Chalk-stone.

THis Stone is white, yea, warm, and also soft,
Easie to work upon, unless 'tis naught.
It leaves a white Impression upon those,
Whom it doth touch, be they it's Friends or Foes.

The Child of God, is like to this Chalk-stone,
White in his Life, easily wrought upon;
Warm in Affections, apt to leave impress,
On whom he deals with, of true Godliness.
He is no sulling Coal, nor daubing Pitch,
Nor one of whom men catch the Scab, or Itch;

But

But such who in the Law of God doth walk,
Tender of heart, in Life whiter than Chalk.

LV.

Upon a Stinking Breath.

Doth this proceed from an infected Air? (Fare?
Or from man's common, sweet and wholesome
It comes from a foul Stomack, or what's worse,
Ulcerous Lungs, Teeth, or a private Curse.

To this, I some mens Notions do compare,
Who seem to breathe in none but Scripture Air.
They suck it in, but breathe it out again,
So putrified, that it doth scarce retain
Any thing of its native Excellence.
It only serves to fix the Pestilence
Of their delusive Notions, in the mind
Of the next foolish Proselyte they find.

LVI.

Upon Death.

Death's a cold Comforter to Girls and Boys,
Who wedded are unto their Childish Toys:
More Grim he looks upon our lustful Youth, (Truth
Who, against Knowledge, slight God's saving

But

But moſt of all, he diſmal is to thoſe,
Who once profeſs'd the Truth, they now oppoſe.
Death has a Dart, a Sting, which Poyſon is,
As all will find, who do of Glory miſs.
This Sting is Sin, the Laws it's Strength, and he,
Or they, will find it ſo, who damned be.
True, Jeſus Chriſt, indeed, did Death deſtroy,
For thoſe who worthy are, him to enjoy.
He waſhes them in's Blood from ev'ry Sin
They'r guilty of, or ſubject to hath bin.
So here's, nor Sting, nor Law, nor Death to kill,
And yet Death always, ſome men torment will.
But this ſeems Her'rodox or Myſtery,
For Death to live to ſome, to ſome to dye;
Yet 'tis ſo, when God doth man's Sin forgive,
Death dies, but where 'tis charged, Death doth live.

LVII.

Upon the Snail.

SHe goes but ſoftly, but ſhe goeth ſure,
She ſtumbles not, as ſtronger Creatures do:
Her Journeys ſhorter, ſo ſhe may endure,
Better than they which do much further go.
She makes no noiſe, but ſtilly ſeizeth on
The Flow'r or Herb, appointed for her food;
The which ſhe quietly doth feed upon,
While others range, and gare, but find no good.

And

And tho she doth but very softly go,
How ever 'tis not fast, nor slow, but sure;
And certainly they that do travel so,
The prize they do aim at, they do procure.

Comparison,

Although they seem not much to stir, less go,
For Christ that hunger, or from Wrath, that flee;
Yet what they seek for, quickly thy come to,
Tho it doth seem the farthest off to be.
One Act of Faith doth bring them to that Flow'r,
They so long for, that they may eat and live;
Which to attain is not in others Pow'r,
Tho for it a King's Ranlom they would give.
Then let none faint, nor be at all dismaid,
That Life by Christ do seek, they shall not fail
To have it, let them nothing be afraid;
The Herb, and Flow'r is eaten by the Snail.

LVIII.

Of the Spouse of Christ.

WHo's this that cometh from the Wilder-(ness
Like Smoaky Pillars, thus perfumed with (Myrrh
Leaning upon her dearest in Distress,
Led into's Bosom, by the Comforter?

She

She's clothed with the Sun, crown'd with twelve Starr,
The spotted Moon her Footstool he hath made.
The Dragon her assaults, fils her with Jarrs,
Yet rests she under her Beloved's Shade.

But whence was she? What is her Pedigree?
Was not her Father, a poor *Amorite*?
What was her Mother, but as others be,
A poor, a wretched and sinful *Hittite*!

Yea, as for her, the day that she was born,
As loathsome, out of doors, they did her cast;
Naked, and Filthy, Stinking, and forlorn:
This was her Pedigree from first to last.

Nor was she pitied in this Estate,
All let her lie polluted in her Bloods
None her Condition did commiserate,
Their was no Heart that sought to do her good.

Yet she unto these Ornaments is come,
Her Breasts are fashioned, her Hair is grown;
She is made Heiress of the best Kingdom;
All her Indignities away are blown.

Cast out she was, but now she home is taken,
Naked (sometimes) but now you see she's clo'd;
Now made the Darling, though before forsaken,
Bare-foot, but now, as Princes Daughters, shod.

Instead of Filth, she now has her Perfumes,
Instead of Ignominy, her Chains of Gold:
Instead of what the Beauty most consumes,
Her Beauty's perfect, lovely to behold.

Those that attend, and wait upon her, be
Princes of Honour, cloth'd in white Aray;

Upon her Head's a Crown of Gold, and she
Eats Wheat, Honey, and Oil, from day to day.
For her Beloved, he's the High'st of all,
The only Potentate, the King of Kings:
Angels, and Men, do him *Jehovah* call,
And from him, Life, and Glory, always springs.
He's white, and ruddy, and of all the Chief;
His Head, his Locks, his Eyes, his Hands, and Feet,
Do for Compleatness out-go all Belief;
His cheeks like Flowers are, his Mouth's most sweet.
As for his Wealth he is made Heir of all,
What is in Heav'n, what is on Earth, is his:
And he this Lady, his Joynt-Heir, doth call,
Of all that shall be, or at present is.
Well Lady, well, God has been good to thee,
Thou, of an Out-cast, now art made a Queen.
Few or none may with thee compared be;
A Beggar made thus high is seldome seen.
Take heed of Pride, remember what thou art,
By Nature, tho thou hast in Grace a share:
Thou in thy self doth yet retain a part
Of thine own Filthiness, wherefore beware.

LIX.

Upon a Skilful Player on an Instrument.

HE that can play well on an Instrument,
Will take the Ear, and captivate the Mind,
With Mirth, or Sadness: For that it is bent
Thereto as Musick, in it, place doth find.

But if one hears that hath therein no skill,
(As often Muſick lights of ſuch a chance)
Of its brave Notes, they ſoon be weary will;
And there are ſome can neither ſing nor dance.

Compariſon.

Unto him that thus skilfully doth play,
God doth compare a Goſpel-Miniſter,
That rightly preacheth (and doth Godly pray)
Applying truly what doth thence infer.
This man, whether of Wrath or Grace he preach,
So skilfully doth handle ev'ry Word;
And by his Saying, doth the heart ſo reach,
That it doth joy or ſigh before the Lord.
But ſome there be, which, as the Bruit, doth lie
Under the Word, without the leaſt advance
God-ward: Such do deſpiſe the Miniſtry,
They weep not at it, neither to it dance.

LX.

Upon Fly-blows.

THere is good Meat provided for man's Health.
To this the Fleth-fly comes, as 'twere by Stealth.
Bloweth thereon, and ſo *Be-maggots* it,
[illegible] that it is, tho wholſome, quite unfit
[illegible] queazy Stomachs, they muſt paſs it by:
Now is not this a prejudicial Fly?

Comparison.

Let this good Meat, good Doctrine signify,
And call him which reproaches it, this Fly.
For as this Flesh-fly blows this wholsome meat,
That it the queazy Stomach cannot eat:
So they which do good Doctrine scandalize,
Present it unto some in such Disguize;
That they cannot accept, nor with it close,
But slight it, and themselves to Death expose.
Reproach it then, thou art a mauling Club,
This Fly, yea, and the Son of *Belzebub.*

LXI.

Of Man by Nature.

FRom God he's a Back-slider,
Of Ways, he loves the wider;
With Wickedness a Sider,
More Venom than a Spider.
In Sin he's a Confider,
A Make-bate, and Divider;
Blind Reason is his Guider,
The Devil is his Rider.

LXII.

Of Physick.

PUrging Physick, taken to heat or cool,
Worketh by Vomit, Urine, Sweat or Stool;
But if it worketh not, then we do fear
The danger's great, the Person's Death is near.
If more be added, and it worketh not;
And more, and yet the same's the Patients Lot.
All hope of Life from Standers-by is fled,
The Party sick is counted now as dead.

Comparison.

Count ye the Sick, one that's not yet converted,
Impenitent, Incredulous, Hard hearted;
In whom vile Sin is so predominant,
And the Soul in it's Acts so conversant;
That like one with Diseases over-run,
This man with it at present is undone.
Now let the Physick be the Holy Word,
(The Blessed Doctrine of our Dearest Lord.)
And let the Doses to the Patient given
Be, by Directions of the God of Heaven.
Convincing Sermons, sharp and sound Rebukes,
Let them be Beggars, Knights, Lords, Earls or Dukes:
You must not spare them, Life doth lie at Stake,
And dye they will, if Physick they don't take.

If these do finely work, then let them have
Directions unto him that can them save.
Lay open then the Riches of his Grace,
And Merits of his Blood before their Face.
Shew them likewise, how free he is to give
His Justice unto them, that they may live.
If they will doubt, and not your Word believe,
Shew them, at present they have a Reprieve;
On purpose they might out their Pardon sue,
And have the Glory of it in their view.
Instances of this Goodness set before,
Their Eyes, that they this Mercy may adore.
And if this Physick taken worketh well,
Fear not a Cure, you save a Soul from Hell.
But if these Doses do not kindly work,
If the Disease still in their Mind doth lurk:
If they instead of throwing up their Vice,
Do vomit up the Word, loath Paradice:
Repeat the Potion, them new Doses give,
Which are much stronger, perhaps they may live:
But if they serve these as they serv'd the rest,
And thou perceiv'st it is not to them Blest:
If they remain incorrigible still,
And will the Number of their Sins fulfill;
The Holy Text doth say that they must dye;
Yea, and be damned without Remedy.

LXIII.

Upon a Pair of Spectacles.

SPectacles are for Sight, and not for Shew,
Neceſſity doth Spectacles commend;
Was't not for need, there is but very few,
That would for wearing Spectacles contend.
We uſe to count them very dark indeed,
Whoſe Eyes ſo dim are, that they cannot be
Helped by Spectacles; ſuch men have need
A Miracle be wrought to make them ſee.

Compariſon.

Compare Spectacles to God's Ordinances,
For they preſent us with his Heav'nly Things;
Which elſe we could not ſee for hinderances,
That from our dark and fooliſh Nature ſprings.
If this be ſo, what ſhall we ſay of them,
Who at God's Ordinances ſcoff and jear?
They do thoſe Bleſſed Spectacles condemn,
By which Divine Things are made to appear.

LXIV.

Upon our being ſo afraid of ſmall Creatures.

MAn by Creation was made Lord of all,
But now he is become an Underling;
He thought he ſhould a gained by his Fall,
But loſt his Head-ſhip over ev'ry thing.

What! What! A humane Creature and afraid
Of Frogs, Dogs, Cats, Rats, Mice, or ſuch like Crea-
This fear of thine has fully thee betraid, ture?
Thou art Back-ſlid from God, to him a Traytor.
How by his Fall is ſtately Man decay'd?
Nor is it in his hand now to renew him,
Of things diſmaid, at him, he is afraid;
Worms, Lice, Flies, Mice; Yea Vanities ſubdue him.

LXV.

Upon our being afraid of the Apparition of Evil Spirits.

Some fear more the Appearance of the Devil,
Than the Commiſſion of the greateſt Evil.
They ſtart, they tremble, if they think he's near,
But can't be healed unleſs Sin appear.
Theſe Birds, the Fowler's Preſence doth affright,
To be among his Lime-twigs they delight.
But, juſt men who have with the Devil bin,
Have been more ſafe, than ſome in Heav'n with Sin.

LXVI.

Upon the Diſobedient Child.

CHildren become, while little, our delights;
When they grow bigger, they begin to fright's.
Their ſinful Nature prompts them to rebel,
And to delight in Paths that lead to Hell.

Their

Their Parents Love, and Care, they overlook,
As if Relation had them quite forsook.
They take the Counsels of the Wanton's rather,
Then the most grave Instructions of a Father.
They reckon Parents ought to do for them,
Tho they the Fifth Commandement contemn.
They snap, and snarl, if Parents them controul,
Tho but in things, most hurtful to the Soul.
They reckon they are Masters, and that we,
Who Parents are, should to them Subject be!
If Parents fain would have a hand in chusing,
The Children have a heart will in refusing.
They'l by wrong doings, under Parents, gather
And say, it is no Sin to rob a Father,
They'l jostle Parents out of place and Pow'r,
They'l make themselves the Head, and them devour.
How many Children, by becoming Head,
Have brought their Parents to a peice of Bread!
Thus they who at the first were Parents Joy,
Turn that to Bitterness, themselves destroy.

But Wretched Child, how canst thou thus requite
Thy Aged Parents, for that great delight
They took in thee, when thou, as helpless lay
In their Indulgent Bosoms day by day?
Thy Mother, long before she brought thee forth,
Took care thou should'st want, neither Food, nor
Thy Father glad was at his very heart, (Cloth
Had he, to thee, a Portion to impart.
Comfort they promised themselves in thee,
But thou, it seems, to them a Grief wil't be.

How oft? How willingly brake they their Sleep,
If thou, their Bantling, didst but whinch or weep.
Their Love to thee was such, they could have giv'n,
That thou might'st live, almost, their part of Heav'n.
But now, behold, how they rewarded are!
For their Indulgent Love, and tender Care,
All is forgot, this Love he doth despise,
They brought this Bird up to pick out their Eyes.

LXVII.

Upon the Boy on his Hobby-horse.

LOok how he swaggers, cocks his Hat, and rides,
How on his Hobby-horse, himself he prides:
He looketh grim, and up his Head doth toss,
Says he'l ride over's with his Hobby-horse.

Comparison.

Some we see mounted upon the *Conceit*
That their Wit, Wealth, or Beauty is so great:
But few their Equals may with them compare,
Who yet more Godly, Wise, and Honest are.
Behold how *huff*, how big they look; how high
They lift their heads, as if they'd touch the Skie:
Nor will they count these things, for Christ, a loss,
So long as they do ride *this* Hobby-horse.

LXVIII.

Upon the Image in the Eye.

WHo looks upon another ſtedfaſtly,
Shall forthwith have his Image in his eye.
Doſt thou believe in Jeſus? (Haſt that Art?)
Thy Faith will place his Image in thy heart.

LXIX.

Upon the Weather-cock.

BRave, Weather-cock, I ſee thou't ſet thy Noſe,
Againſt the Wind, which way ſo'ere it blows:
So let a Chriſtian, in any wiſe,
Face it with Antichriſt in each diſguize.

LXX.

Upon a Sheet of white Paper.

THis ſubject is unto the fouleſt Pen,
Or faireſt, handled by the Sons of Men.
'Twill alſo ſhew what is upon it writ,
Be't wiſely, or non-ſence, for want of wit.
Each blot, and blur, it alſo will expoſe,
To thy next Readers, be they Friends, or Foes.

Compariſon,

Comparison.

Some Souls are like unto this Blank or Sheet,
(Tho not in Whiteneſs:) the next man they meet;
If wiſe, or Fool, debauched, or Deluder,
Or what you will, the dangerous Intruder
May write thereon to cauſe that man to err,
In Doctrine, or in Life, with blot and blur.
Nor will that Soul conceal from who obſerves,
But ſhew how foul it is, wherein it ſwerves:
A reading man may know who was the Writer,
And by the Helliſh Non-ſence, the Inditer.

LXXI.

Upon the Boy dull at his Book.

Some Boys have Wit enough to ſport and play,
Who at their Books are Block-heads day by day.
Some men are arch enough at any Vice,
But Dunces in the way to Paradice.

LXXII.

Upon Time and Eternity.

Eternity is like unto a Ring.
Time, like to Meaſure, doth it ſelf extend;

Meaſre

Measure commences, is a finite thing.
The Ring has no beginning, middle, end.

LXXIII.

Upon Fire.

WHo falls into the Fire shall burn with heat;
While those remote scorn from it to retreat.
Yea while those in it, cry out, oh! I burn:
Some farther off those crys to Laughter turn.

Comparison.

While some tormented are in Hell for sin;
On Earth some greatly do delight therein.
Yea while some make it eccho with their Cry,
Others count it a Fable and a Lye.

LXXIV.

Of Beauty.

BEauty, at best is but as fading Flow'rs,
Bright now, anon with darksome Clouds it lowrs.
'Tis but skin-deep, and therefore must decay;
Times blowing on it sends it quite away.
Then why should it be, as it is, admired,
By one and t'other, and so much desired.
Things flitting we should moderately use,
Or we by them our selves shall much abuse.

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